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WORD FROM WORD READERS

BOOK THREE

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WORD FROM WORD READERS

Book Three

BY

JOHN G. THOMPSON

PRINCIPAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FITCHBURG, MASS.

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION

THE pupil who has read the first and the second books of the Word from Word Readers has acquired a considerable reading vocabulary and has gained much ability in building new words from known words and word-parts. In this, the third book, he will find interesting and well-graded material, through the reading of which, and the continuation of the word-building, he will further develop his powers in both fields. For detailed directions, consult the Teacher's Manual.

This book is intended to be read at the beginning of the second year, or possibly at the end of the first. Pupils who have read the first two books of any series of readers will find this third book very easy and very pleasant reading, for it presupposes an ability to recognize only about six hundred common childish words and contains many new and interesting stories.

Mother Goose rhymes, jingles, fables, and folk stories are recognized as the simplest forms of literature for the child, and from them the selections in this book are chosen. These stories have been taken from sources other than Grimm Brothers and Perault, who have been so frequently

drawn upon. Many of the selections are entirely new, in translation at least, and will not be found in any other readers. They are interesting to children and teach a moral without making it too obvious. The one story taken from Perault, "The Four Seasons," may be used, as it has been in Europe, and as "Robinson Crusoe" is in German schools to-day, to show man's conquest over his environment. Modern science has made it possible to have violets, strawberries, and apples at any season. Urged on by the stern need for money and a livelihood, man has brought June into his hothouses in January and raised violets and strawberries in winter.

"The Happiest Person in the Kingdom," "The Lion Going to War," and "The Discontented Queen" are all new stories and may be made to teach deeper lessons than would at first appear. These lessons are not forced upon the pupil, however; in fact, they are likely to be overlooked upon a first reading, and for that reason attention is called to them.

The author and publishers wish to express grateful appreciation to John Lane Company for permission to use several illustrations by Billinghurst, from their editions of the fables of Æsop and of La Fontaine.

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THE HORSE AND THE DONKEY

THE HORSE GOING TO WAR

A donkey met a horse one day.
The horse was richly dressed.
The donkey was carrying a load.
The horse was going to the war.
He was going to carry a man
on his back.
The man was great and rich.
The man was going to war.
So the horse looked down upon the
poor donkey who was carrying
a load on his back.
"I am sorry for you," said the horse,
"but every one cannot go to war."
The donkey went on with his load.
He soon forgot about the horse.

After many months, he met the horse
again on the road.
Now the horse was not richly dressed.
He was pulling a dump cart.
He did not look so proud.
He did not look down upon the donkey.
The donkey stopped and asked him,
"Didn't you like the war?"
"No," said the horse, "I was shot.
It is better to pull a dump cart than
to go to war."
"Poor horse," said the donkey,
"I knew that before you went.
I am very sorry for you."

THE HAPPIEST PERSON IN THE KINGDOM

I

It was very cold.
The ground was white with snow.
It was Christmas day, when every
one is happy.
Santa Claus came to the king.
He said to the king,
"I have a present from the twelve months.
It is for the happiest person in your
kingdom.
I have brought it to you.
Who can be happier than the king?"
"It is not for me," said the king.
"I am not so happy as the poorest man
in the kingdom."

II

Santa Claus went to the poorest man in the kingdom.

Santa Claus said to the poorest man, "I have a present from the twelve months.

It is for the happiest person in the kingdom.
The king said it was not for him.
He said he was not so happy as the poorest man in the kingdom.
So I have brought it to you."
"I am the poorest man in the kingdom," said the old man.
"But it is not for me.
I may be happier than the king.
But I am not so happy as the queen.
I do not have enough to eat.
The king has many, many cares.
The queen has none.
She has nothing to do.
She has everything she wants.
She must be the happiest person in the kingdom."

III

Santa Claus went to the queen.

Santa Claus said to her,

"I have a present from the twelve months.

It is for the happiest person in the kingdom.

The king said it was not for him.
He said he was not so happy as the poorest man in the kingdom.
I took it to the poorest man.
He said it was not for him.
He did not have enough to eat.
He said he was not so happy as the queen.
She had everything she wanted.
She had nothing to do.
So I have brought it to you."
"It is not for me," said the queen.
"I have everything I want.
I have nothing to do.
But I am not the happiest person in the kingdom.
I am not so happy as the housemaid who works hard all day long."

IV

Santa Claus went to the housemaid
who worked hard all day long.
He said to her,
"I have a present from the twelve
months for the happiest person
in the kingdom.
The king said it was not for him.
He said he was not so happy as the
poorest man in the kingdom.
I took it to the poorest man.
He said it was not for him.
He did not have enough to eat.
He said he was not so happy as the
queen.

She had everything she wanted.
She had nothing to do.
I took it to the queen.
She said it was not for her.
She had nothing to do.
She had everything she wanted.
But she was not so happy as the housemaid who worked hard all day long.
So I have brought it to you."
"It is not for me," said the housemaid.
"I work hard all day long, but I get little pay.
The present is for the richest man.
It is for the man who has more gold than the king.
He must be the happiest person in the kingdom."

V

Santa Claus went to the man who had more gold than the king.

Santa Claus said to the richest man,

"I have a present from the twelve months for the happiest person in the kingdom.

I took it to the king.

He said it was not for him.

He said he was not so happy as the poorest man in the kingdom.

I took it to the poorest man.

He said it was not for him.

He did not have enough to eat.

He said he was not so happy as the queen.

She had enough to eat.

She had nothing to do.

She had everything she wanted.

I took it to the queen.

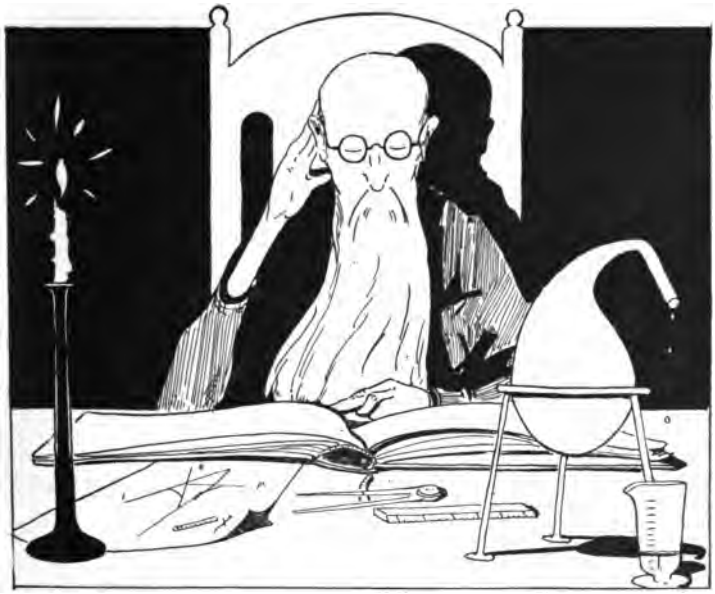
She said it was not for her.

She had nothing to do.

She had everything she wanted.

But she thought she was not so happy as the housemaid who worked hard all day long.

I took it to the housemaid.
She said it was not for her.
She worked hard all day long, but
she got little pay.
She said the richest man, the man
who had more gold than the king,
must be the happiest person in the
kingdom.
So I have brought the present to you."
"No, it is not for me," said the
richest man, the man who had
more gold than the king.
"I have no time to be happy.
I have time to think of nothing but
my gold.
The present is for the wisest man.
The wisest man must be the happiest
person in the kingdom."



VI

Santa Claus went to the wisest man.
Santa Claus said to him,
"I have a present from the twelve months.
It is for the happiest person in the kingdom.
I took it to the king, but he said it was not for him.

He was not so happy as the poorest man in the kingdom.

I took it to the poorest man, but it was not for him.

He did not always have enough to eat.

He thought the queen must be the happiest person in the kingdom.

I took it to the queen, but it was not for her.

She had nothing to do, and she had everything she wanted, but she was not so happy as the housemaid who worked hard all day long.

I took it to the housemaid, but it was not for her.

She had too much to do.

She worked hard all day long,
but she got little pay for it.
She was not happy.
She was discontented.
She worked too hard.
She got too little pay.
She wished she were rich.
She said the present was for the richest man in the kingdom.
She thought the man who had more gold than the king must be the happiest man in all the kingdom.
So I took the present to the richest man, but he said it was not for him.
He had no time to be happy.
He could think of nothing but his gold.

He thought the wisest man must be the happiest person in the kingdom.

So I have brought the present to you."

"It is not for me," said the wisest man.

"I cannot be happy when I know so little.

There is so much to learn, I can never learn it all.

But I know who is the happiest person.

It is not the king.

He has too many cares.

He has no time to be happy.

It is not the queen.

She has too little to do.

She has no cares.

She has too much time to be happy.

It is not the housemaid.

She has to work too hard, and has too little pay.

She is discontented.

It is not the richest man.

He has too much gold.

He has no time to be happy.

It is not the wisest man.

He knows too little.

He has so much to learn.

It is the little child out there at play.

He is happier than the king.

He is happier than the queen.

He is the happiest person in the kingdom."

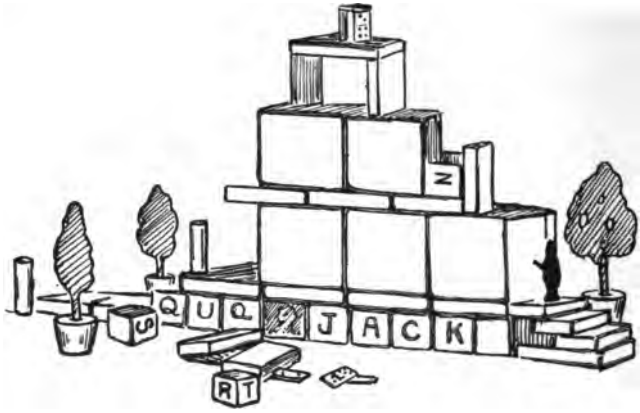
VII

So Santa Claus went to the little
child at play and said,
"I have a present from the twelve
months for the happiest person
in the kingdom.
The wisest man says it is for you."
"I am so happy," said the little child,
"no one can be happier.
What is the present the twelve
months have sent to me?"

And Santa Claus said to the child
who was happier than the king,
happier than the poorest man,
happier than the queen,
happier than the housemaid,
happier than the richest man,
happier than the wisest man,—
"The present is this:

To be hungry,
And to eat three meals a day;
To be sleepy,
And to sleep the nights away;
To be healthy,
And to love both work and play.

The twelve months give no better
present.
They give it only to those who are
happy."



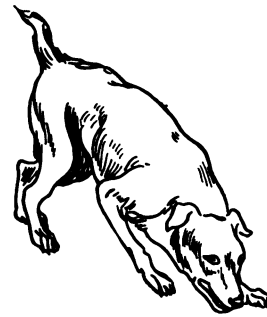
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house
that Jack built.
This is the corn
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

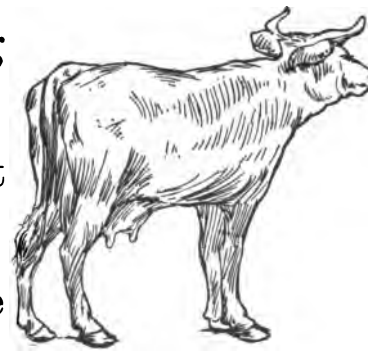
This is the rat
That ate the corn
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the corn
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the dog
That bit the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the corn
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

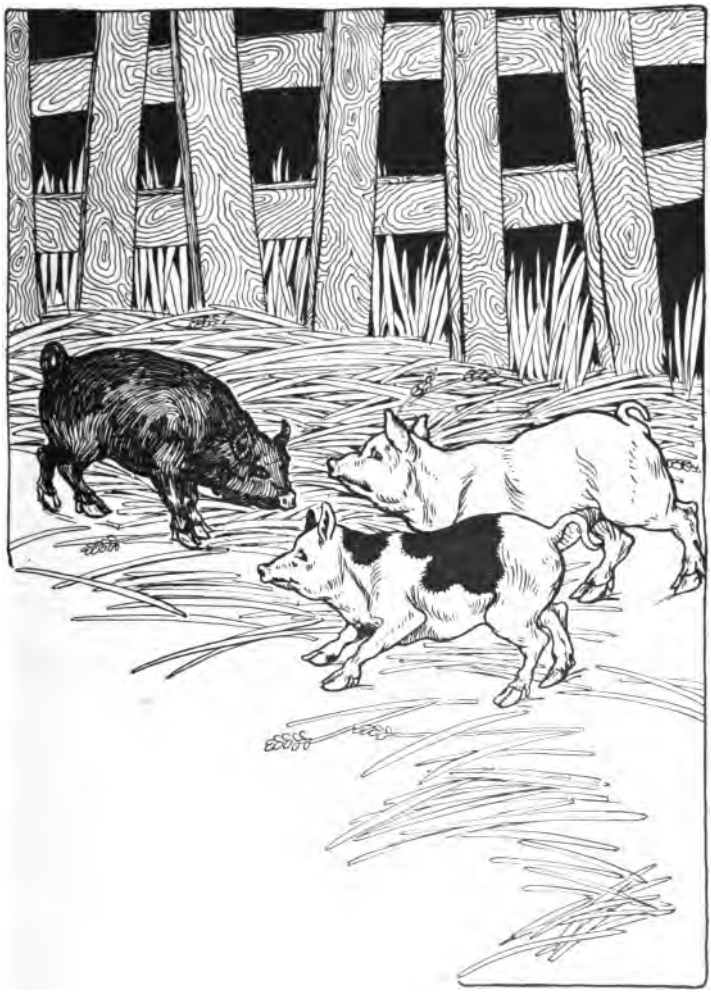


This is the cow
That tossed the dog
That bit the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the corn
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



THE THREE PIGS

Three little pigs lived in a barnyard.
One was white and was called Whitie.
One was black and was called Blackie.
One was white with black spots and was called Spot.
Spot did not like the barnyard.
He wanted to see the world.
So he said to Blackie,
"Let us go down the road and see the world."
"All right," said Blackie, "let us ask Whitie to go with us."
So Spot went to Whitie and said,
"Let us go down the road and see the world."



THREE LITTLE PIGS LIVED IN A BARNYARD

So Whitie, Blackie, and Spot set out.
They went on and on, but they did not see the world.
They became very tired of going down the road, and Whitie said, "I am going to stop right here and build me a house and settle down."
"No, no," said Blackie and Spot, "let us go on and see the world."
And they went on down the road.
They met a man with a load of straw.
"Please, Mr. Man, may I have some of your straw?
I want to build a house," said Whitie.
"You may have some of the straw," said the man, "to build your house."

So Whitie and Blackie and Spot built a house out of straw.

When it was done, Blackie and Spot said, "Good-by," and went on down the road to see the world.

Whitie was very tired.

He went into his straw house, shut the door, and lay down upon the floor.

He was soon fast asleep.

Now in the wood near Whitie's straw house, there lived a wolf.

He was very fierce.

He was always hungry.

As soon as the sun had gone down and the moon was up, he set out to look for something to eat.

He came upon the little straw house.

The moon was shining through the window upon little Whitie who lay asleep upon the floor.

"Get up," roared the wolf, "and let me in."

Whitie was fast asleep and did not hear him.

"Get up," roared the wolf again, "and let me in."

Whitie awoke and saw the big wolf.
He was afraid and did not move.
"Get up," roared the wolf again,
"and let me in."
"No, by the hair on my chinny,
chin, chin,
I'll not let you in," said Whitie.
"Then by the hair on my chinny,
chin, chin,
I'll huff,
And I'll puff,
And I'll blow your house in,"
roared the wolf.
So he huffed,
And he puffed,
And he blew the house in.
And he caught little Whitie and ate
him right up.

Blackie and Spot went on down the road.

They went on and on, but they did not see the world.

They became very tired of going down the road.

Blackie said, "I am going to stop right here and build me a house and settle down."

"No, no," said Spot, "let us go on and see the world."

They met a man with a load of sticks.

"Please, Mr. Man, give me some of your sticks," said Blackie. "I want to build a house and settle down."

"You may have some of my sticks for your house," said the man.

So Blackie and Spot built a house out of sticks.

When it was done, Spot said, "Good-by," and went on down the road to see the world.

Blackie was very, very tired.

He went into his house of sticks, lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

In the wood near Blackie's house of sticks, there lived a wolf.

He was very fierce.

He was always very hungry.

As soon as the sun had set and the moon was up, he came out of the wood to look for something to eat.

He came upon the little house of sticks.

The moon was shining through the window upon little Blackie who lay asleep upon the floor.

"Get up," roared the wolf, "and let me in."

Blackie awoke and saw the savage wolf looking in at the window.

"Get up," roared the wolf, "and let me in."

"No, by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin,

I'll not let you in," said Blackie.
"Then by the hair on my chinny,
chin, chin,
I'll huff,
And I'll puff,
And I'll blow your house in,"
roared the wolf.
"I'll not let you in," said Blackie.
So the wolf huffed,
And he puffed,
And he blew the house in.
And he caught little Blackie and ate
him right up.
Spot went on down the road.
He went on and on, but he did not
see the world.
He became very tired of going down
the road.

So he said, "I am going to stop. I am going to build me a house and settle down."

A man came along with a load of bricks.

"Please, Mr. Man, may I have some of your bricks to build a house?" asked Spot.

"I will give you some of my bricks to build your house," said the man.

So Spot built a house out of bricks.

When it was done, he was very tired.
He went inside and lay down and was soon asleep.
A savage wolf lived in the wood near Spot's brick house.
He was very, very fierce.
He was always very, very hungry.
As soon as the sun had set and the moon was up, he came out of his den to look for something to eat.
Then a long way off he saw the little brick house where Spot lay asleep.
He came up to it and looked in at the window.
The moon was shining upon tired little Spot who lay asleep upon the floor.
"Get up," roared the wolf, "and let me in."

Spot awoke and saw the big wolf
looking in at the window.
"Get up," roared the wolf, "and let
me in."
"No, by the hair on my chinny,
chin, chin,
I'll not let you in," said Spot.
"Then by the hair on my chinny,
chin, chin,
I'll huff,
And I'll puff,
And I'll blow your house in."
So he huffed,
And he puffed,
But he could not blow the house in.
And he huffed,
And he puffed,
Ten times in all.

But he could not blow in that solid brick wall.

The next night the wolf came again.

Spot was not asleep. He thought the wolf would come again.

"Let me in," roared the wolf, "or I will come in."

"You can't come in," said Spot. "You can't blow in the solid brick wall."

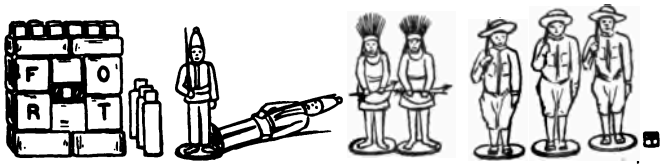
"I will come in through the chimney," roared the wolf.

And he climbed up on the house and dropped down through the chimney.

But Spot was ready for him.

In the fireplace was a great pot of hot water.

The big wolf fell into it, and that was the end of him.



THE FORT THAT JACK BUILT

This is the fort that Jack built.

These are the soldiers
That fought in the fort that Jack built.

These are the Indians
That captured the soldiers
That fought in the fort that Jack built.

These are the scouts
That killed the Indians
That captured the soldiers
That fought in the fort that Jack built.

THE ROBIN

There came to my window,
One morning in spring,
A sweet little robin;
He came there to sing.
And the tune that he sang
Was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On flute or guitar.

Sing, Robin, sing, high up in the tree;
Sing a sweet song for baby and me.

Sing, Robin, sing, for baby and me;
Sing for your little ones, high up
in the tree.

THE FOUR SEASONS

SPRING

An old woman lived in a pretty little house beside a wood.

Her daughter, Bertha, lived with her in the pretty little house beside the wood.

Bertha was not a pretty girl.

She was not a very good girl.

No one but her mother liked her.

Her mother loved her very much,
and Bertha loved her mother.
Mary also lived with them.
Mary was a very pretty little girl.
She was also a very good little girl.
But Bertha and her mother did not
like Mary.
Mary had to do all the housework.
She had to tend the cows and sheep.
Bertha did no work.
Her mother would not make her.
Mary had to wait upon her.
She had to do whatever Bertha wished,
no matter how hard it was.
One very cold day in winter, when
snow and ice were everywhere,
Bertha said to her mother,
"Mother, I want some violets.

Send Mary to the wood to pick some for me."

"Violets this time of the year?" said her mother. "No one can pick violets in the wood now. It is winter. The ground is covered with snow and ice."

"Mother, I want some violets," cried Bertha again. "Send Mary into the wood to pick some for me."

So her mother called Mary and said,

"Go into the wood and pick some violets for Bertha."

"But I cannot," said Mary. "No one can pick violets in the wood this time of the year; it is winter.

There are no violets in the wood now.

The ground is covered with snow and ice."

"Go into the wood," said the old woman, "and pick some violets for Bertha. Do not come back until you have found them."

So Mary went into the wood to look for violets.

She found only snow and ice.

She was cold, very cold.

She looked all about her.

She looked to the east.

She looked to the west.

She looked to the north.

She looked to the south.

A long way off she saw a bright light.

She went to it.

It was a very big fire.

Around the fire were twelve big stones.

On each of the stones sat a man.

There were twelve men sitting about the fire on the twelve big stones.

Each man wore a long cloak with a hood.

Three of the men had long white beards and wore cloaks as white as the snow.

Three of the men had long yellow beards and wore cloaks as green as the grass.

Three of the men had long brown beards and wore cloaks as yellow as the sunlight.

Three of the men had long black beards and wore cloaks as purple as the grapes.

ON EACH OF THE STONES SAT A MAN

The twelve men about the fire were the twelve months of the year.

Mary went up to them and said,

"I am very cold. May I warm myself at your fire?"

One of the men with a white beard and a white cloak looked at her and asked in a loud voice,

"Little girl, what do you seek?"

It was January who spoke.
"I am looking for violets," said Mary.
"My poor little girl," said January,
"It is not the time of year for violets."
"I know it," said Mary, "but Bertha
and her mother sent me for them.
They told me not to come back until
I had found them.
They will whip me if I do.
Please, tell me where I can find some."
"Warm yourself, little girl," said
January.
Then he turned to one of the men
with a yellow beard and a green
cloak and said to him, "My
brother, April, you hear what the
little girl says. Do you want to
help her?"

"I will gladly help her," said April.
Then he took his long stick and
stirred the fire.
It soon became warmer.
Mary was no longer cold.
The ice and the snow were gone.
The grass began to grow green,
and the little violets opened.
It was spring.
Then April turned to her and said,
"There, little girl, pick some violets
as quickly as you can, and
then go."

Mary picked the violets as quickly as she could, and then said,
"Thank you, dear April."
April said nothing.
January took his long stick and covered the fire.
Soon all was snow and ice again.
Mary went back with her violets to the pretty little house, where Bertha and her mother lived.
She rapped at the door.
The old woman opened it, and asked,
"Have you the violets?"
"Yes," said Mary.
And she gave them to the old woman.
"Where did you find the violets?" asked the old woman.
"I found them in the wood," said Mary.

"There are many violets in the grass in the wood."

Bertha and her mother were very much surprised, but they said nothing more.

Mary was very tired and went at once to bed.

The next morning Bertha said to her mother,

"Mother, I want some strawberries.

Send Mary to the wood to pick some for me."

"Strawberries this time of the year?" said her mother.

"No one can pick strawberries in the wood now. It is January.

The ground is covered with snow and ice."

"Mother, I want some strawberries," cried Bertha. "Send Mary into the wood to pick some for me."

So her mother called Mary and said,

"Go into the wood and get some strawberries for Bertha."

"I cannot," said Mary.

"No one can pick strawberries in the wood this time of year.

It is January. The ground is covered with snow and ice."

"Go into the wood," said the old woman, "and get some strawberries for Bertha.

Do not come back until you have found them."

And Mary went into the wood to look for strawberries.

She found only snow and ice.

She was very, very cold.

She looked to the east.

She looked to the west.

She looked to the north.

She looked to the south.

At last she saw a fire a long way off.

It was a great, big fire.

She went to it.

Twelve big stones were around the fire.

There were twelve men sitting about the fire, one on each of the twelve big stones.

Each man wore a hood and had a long cloak.

Three of the men had long white beards and wore cloaks as white as the snow.

Three of the men had long yellow beards and wore cloaks as green as the grass.

Three of the men had long brown beards and wore cloaks as yellow as the sun.

Three of the men had long black beards and wore cloaks as purple as the grapes.

The twelve men about the fire were the twelve months of the year.

Mary was very, very glad to see them again.

She went up to the fire and said,

"I am very cold. Please may I warm myself at your fire?"

"Why have you come back?" asked January.

"What do you want?"

"I am looking for strawberries," said Mary.

"It is not the time of the year for strawberries," said January, in his loud voice,

"There are no strawberries in the snow."

"I know it," said Mary, sadly, "but Bertha and her mother sent me for them.

They told me not to come back until I had found them.

They will beat me if I go back without them.

Please tell me where I can find some."

"Warm yourself, little girl," said January.

Then he turned to one of the men with a brown beard and a yellow cloak, and said to him,

"My brother June, do you hear what the little girl says? Do you want to help her?"

"I will gladly help her," said June.

Then he took his long stick and stirred the fire.

Soon the snow and ice were gone.

The trees put on their leaves.

The grass became green.

The flowers opened.

The birds began to sing.

It was summer.

Thousands of little white stars in the grass turned into strawberries.

"There, little girl," said June, "pick some strawberries as quickly as you can and then go."

Mary picked some strawberries as quickly as she could, and then said, "Thank you, dear June."

June said nothing.

But January took his long stick and covered the fire, and soon all was snow and ice again.

Mary went back with her strawberries to the little house where Bertha and her mother lived.

She rapped at the door.

The old woman opened it, and asked, "Have you the strawberries?"

"Yes, I have the strawberries," said Mary.

And she gave them to the old woman.

She looked at them in surprise but said nothing.

"Where did you find the strawberries?" asked Bertha.

"I found them in the wood," said Mary.

"There are so many the grass is all red."

Bertha and her mother were very much surprised.

They ate the strawberries but said nothing more.

The next morning Bertha said to her mother,

"Mother, I want some red apples.

Send Mary to the wood to pick some for me."

"Red apples this time of the year?" said her mother. "No one can pick red apples in the wood now.

It is winter. It is January.

The ground is covered with snow and ice."

"Mother, I want some red apples," cried Bertha. "Send Mary into the wood to pick some for me."

So her mother called Mary and said,

"Go into the wood and pick some red apples for Bertha."

"I cannot," said Mary.

"No one can pick red apples in the wood this time of year. It is January. The ground is covered with snow and ice."

"Go into the wood," said the old woman, "and pick some red apples for Bertha.

Do not come back until you have found them."

And Mary went into the wood to look for the red apples.

She found only snow and ice.

She was very, very cold.

She looked all about her.

She looked to the right.

She looked to the left.

She saw a fire a long way off.

She ran to it as swiftly as she could.

It was a very big fire.

It was a very bright fire.

There were twelve large stones around it.

On each of the stones sat a man.

Each man wore a hood and a long cloak.

Three of the men had long white beards and wore cloaks and hoods as white as the snow.

Three of the men had long yellow beards and wore cloaks and hoods as green as the grass.

Three of the men had long brown beards and wore cloaks and hoods as yellow as the sun.

Three of the men had long black beards and wore cloaks and hoods as purple as the grapes.

The twelve men about the fire were January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and December.

They were the twelve months of the year.

The three men with the long white beards who wore cloaks and hoods as white as the snow were December, January, and February.

They were the winter months.

The three men with the long yellow beards who wore cloaks and hoods as green as the grass were March, April, and May, the spring months.

The three men with the long brown beards who wore cloaks and hoods as yellow as the sun were June, July, and August.

They were the summer months.

The three men with the long black beards who wore cloaks and hoods as purple as the grapes were September, October, and November.

They were the fall months.

Mary was very glad to see them all again.

She went up to the fire and said,

"I am very cold.

Please may I warm myself at your fire?"

"Why have you come back?" asked January.

"What do you seek in the wood?"

"I am looking for red apples," said Mary.

"It is not the time of year for red apples," said January, in his loud voice. "It is winter.

There are no red apples on the trees in winter."

"I know it," said Mary, sadly.

"I came to the wood to look for them because Bertha and her mother sent me.

They will whip me if I go back without them.

Please tell me where I can find some."

"Warm yourself at the fire," said January.

Then he turned to September and said,

"My brother September, you hear what the little girl says. Do you want to help her?"

"I will very gladly help her," said September.

Then he took his long stick and stirred the fire.

The fire burned brighter.

Soon the snow and ice were gone.

The trees were covered with red and yellow leaves, that fell one by one to the ground.

It was fall, and there stood an apple tree full of red apples.

"There, little girl," said September, "pick some red apples as quickly as you can, and then go."

Mary said, "Thank you, dear September," and picked them quickly.

January took his long stick and covered the fire, and all was snow and ice again.

Mary went back with her red apples to the little house where Bertha and her mother lived.

She rapped at the door.

The old woman opened it and asked, "Have you the red apples?"

"Yes, I have the red apples," said Mary.

And she gave them to the old woman.

"Where did you find the red apples?" asked Bertha.

"I found them in the wood," said Mary.

"There is a tree in the wood full of red apples."

Bertha and her mother were very much surprised.

They ate the red apples but said nothing more.

WINTER

The next morning Bertha said to her mother,

"Give me my cloak and hood.

I will go into the wood and find the violets and the strawberries and the red apples."

"Do not go," said her mother.

"It is very cold, and the ground is covered with snow and ice."

But Bertha would not listen.

She put on her cloak and hood
and went into the wood.
Snow and ice were everywhere.
She saw no violets, no strawberries,
and no red apples.
She looked all about her, to the left
and to the right, to the east and
to the west, to the north and to
the south.
She saw a fire a long way off and
went to it.
Twelve men were sitting on twelve
great stones around the fire.
They were the twelve months of the
year, January, February, March,
April, May, June, July, August,
September, October, November,
and December.

Without asking if she might, Bertha went up to the fire and began to warm herself.

"Why have you come here?

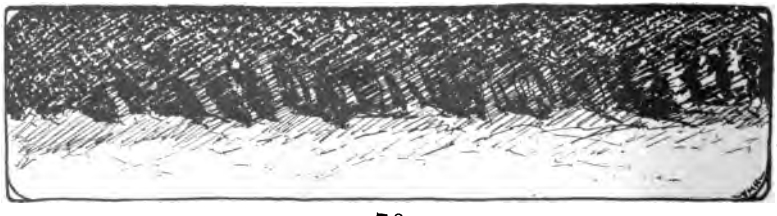
What do you want?" asked January in his loud voice.

"None of your business," answered Bertha. She warmed herself and went on into the wood.

January raised the long stick above his head.

The sky grew black, the fire went out, the snow fell, and the wind blew.

Bertha could not see the way.



She tried to find her way back.
The snow fell and the wind blew.
She went on and on into the wood,
calling, calling, calling,—
She was very, very cold.
She could go no further.
She closed her eyes and fell into the
snow, which soon covered her.
The mother waited and waited in her
pretty little house.
Bertha did not come back.
So she put on her cloak and hood
and went into the wood.
The snow fell and the wind blew.
She called and called and called,
but Bertha did not answer.
The snow fell and the wind blew.
She could go no further.

She closed her eyes and fell into the snow, which soon covered her.

Mary lived all alone in the pretty little house beside the wood.

Twelve times each year one of the months came to see her.

April brought her violets.

June brought her strawberries.

September brought her apples.

She thought she was the happiest person in the kingdom.

Early to bed
And early to rise,
Is the way to be
Healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir;
Three bags full:
One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.
Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes sir;
Three bags full.

Little girl, little girl,
where have you been?
Picking roses to give to the queen.
Little girl, little girl,
what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond
as big as my shoe.

There was a crooked man and he
went a crooked mile;
He found a crooked penny
upon a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat
which caught a crooked mouse;
And they all lived together
in a little crooked house.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The tortoise is very, very slow.

The hare is very, very swift.

The tortoise goes so slowly that he seems to creep along the ground.

The hare runs so swiftly that it seems as if nothing could catch him.

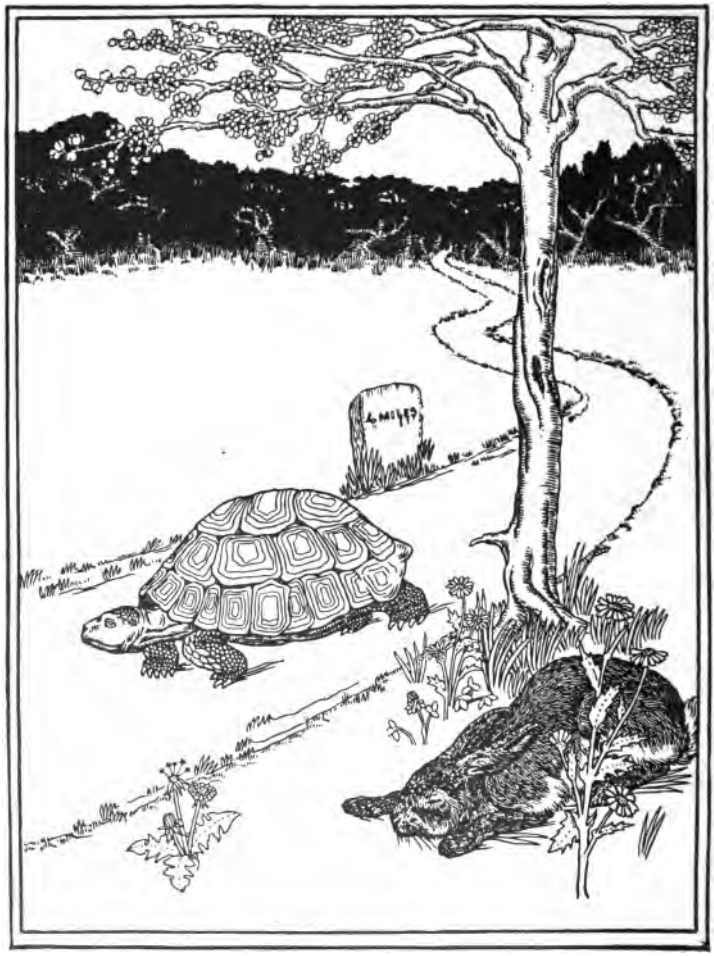
One day the hare was making fun of the tortoise because he was so slow.

"How do you ever get anywhere?" asked the hare.

"I am glad I am not so slow."

"I will run a race and beat you," said the tortoise.

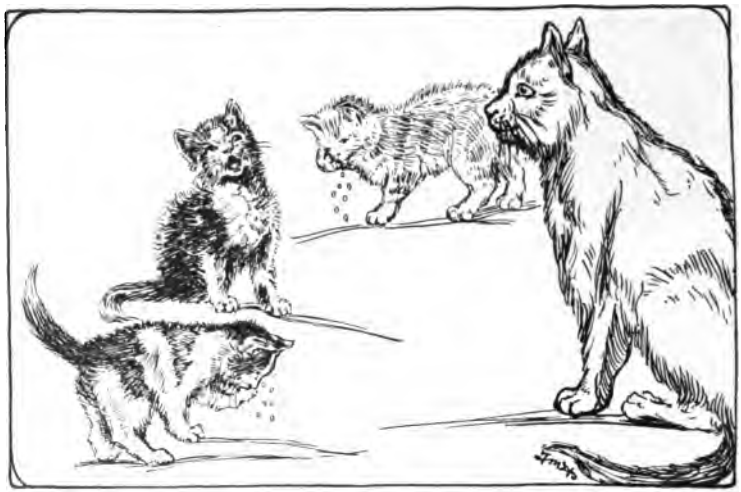
The hare laughed at him.



SO HE LAY DOWN AND WENT TO SLEEP

"I will," said the tortoise, "I think
I can beat you in a race."
"All right," said the hare, "we will
run to the next milestone.
I will give you a good start, and then
I will get there before you."
The tortoise started, but the hare
thought he had time enough.
So he lay down and went to sleep.
When he awoke, the tortoise was no-
where to be seen.
The hare ran as swiftly as he could
to the next milestone.
The tortoise was there waiting for him.

The swiftest runner does not always
win the race. It is often better
to be slow and sure.



THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little Kittens lost
their mittens,
And they began to cry:

"O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty Kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little Kittens found
their mittens,
And they began to cry:

"O mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You naughty Kittens,
And you may have some pie."

"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have some pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little Kittens put on
their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.

"O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty Kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,

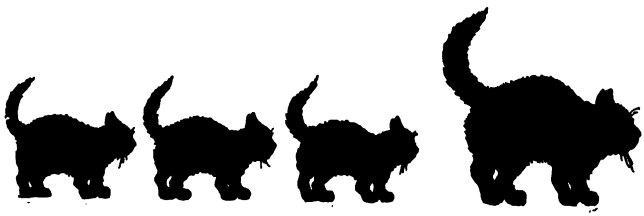
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little Kittens washed their
mittens,
And hung them out to dry.

"O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good Kittens.
But I smell a rat close by.

"Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow."
"We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."



THE LION GOING TO WAR

The lion is the king of beasts.
The beasts were going to war.
They were going to drive men out of the fields and woods if they could.
The lion sent for the fox and said to him,
"The eagle is the king of birds.
Go to him and tell him that the beasts are going to war.
Tell him they are going to drive men out of the fields and woods.
Tell him we want the help of the eagle, the hawk, and the owl.
We want the eagle and the hawk because they have sharp eyes by day.

THE LION IS THE KING OF BEASTS

We want the owl because he can see so well by night."

The fox went to the eagle and said,

"The beasts are going to war.

They are going to drive men out of the fields and woods.

We want the help of the eagle and of the hawk because they have such sharp eyes by day.

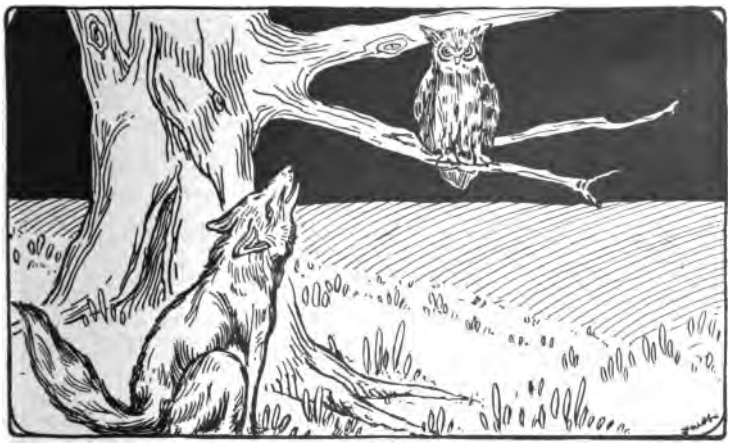
We want the help of the owl because he can see so well by night."

The eagle listened to what the fox had to say, and then answered,

"The hawk and I will help you, but we must have hares and chickens to eat.

I cannot speak for the owl. He is a night bird.

I am king of the day birds."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox,
"thank you for the king."
The fox went to the owl and said,
"The beasts are going to war.
They are going to drive men out of
the fields and woods.
We want your help because you can
see so well by night."
The owl listened to what the fox
had to say and then answered,



THE EAGLE AND THE OWL

"I will go to war with you.
I will help you drive men out of the fields and woods.
But I must have mice to eat.
I can help you only by night, for I must sleep in the daytime."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox, "thank you for the king."
The fox went back to tell the lion.
The king had gone hunting, but he found the queen.
"Will the eagle and the hawk and the owl help us?" asked the lioness.
"I went to the eagle," answered the fox. "I asked him to help us.
I asked him to let the hawk help us.
I asked him to let the owl help us.

THE FOX AND THE LIONESS

The eagle said he would help us.
He said the hawk would help us.
But they must have hares and chickens to eat.
He could not speak for the owl.
The eagle is king of the day birds.
The owl is king of the night birds.
So I went to the owl and asked him to help us.
The owl said he would help us drive the men out of the fields and woods, but he must have mice to eat.
He said he could help us only at night, for he must sleep in the daytime."
"The eagle and the hawk shall have hares to eat," said the lioness.

"The owl may sleep in the daytime,
and shall have mice to eat.
You have done well.
Now go to the elephant and the
camel.
Tell them the king is going to war
to drive men out of the fields
and woods.
Tell them he wants their help.
Tell them they are to carry the
heavy burdens."

The fox went to the elephant and said,

"The king is going to war to drive men out of the fields and woods.

He wants your help. You are to carry the heavy burdens."

The elephant listened to what the fox had to say, and then answered,

"I will go with the king, but I must have young leaves to eat."

"Thank you, thank you," said the fox, "thank you for the king."

The fox went to the camel and said,

"The king is going to war to drive men out of the fields and woods.

He wants your help.

He wants you to carry the heavy burdens."

The camel answered,

"I will go with the king, but I must march in the sun and rest at night and have grass to eat."

"Thank you, thank you," said the fox, "thank you for the king."

The fox went back to tell the lion.

"Will the elephant help us?" asked the lion.

"The elephant will help us, but he must have young leaves to eat," answered the fox.

"The elephant may have young leaves to eat," answered the lion.

"Will the camel help us?"

"The camel will help us, but he must march in the sun and rest at night and have grass to eat," said the fox.

"He may march in the sun and rest at night and have grass to eat," said the king.

"You have done well.

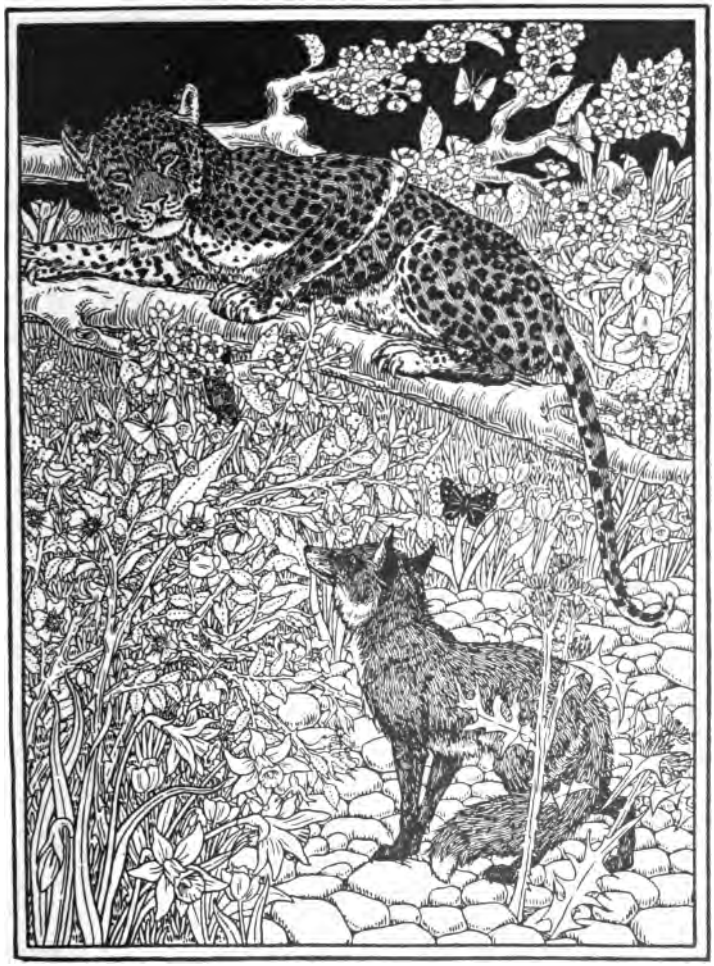
Now go to the tiger, the bear, the leopard, the wolf, and the wild boar.

Tell them the king is going to war.

THE FOX WENT TO THE TIGER

Tell them he needs their help.
They are to fight beside him."
The fox went to the tiger and said,
"The king is going to war to drive men
out of the fields and woods.
He needs your help.
You are to fight beside him."
The tiger listened to what the fox
had to say, and then answered,
"I will fight beside the king, but I
must fight at night, and I must
have goats to eat."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox,
"thank you for the king."
The fox went to the bear and said,
"The king is going to war.
He is going to drive men out of
the fields and woods.

He wants your help.
You are to fight beside him."
The bear listened to what the fox
had to say, and then answered,
"I will go with the king and fight
beside him, but we must march
slowly, and I must have honey
and berries to eat."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox,
"thank you for the king."
The fox went to the leopard and said,
"The king is going to war to drive men
out of the fields and woods.
He needs your help.
He wants you to fight beside him."
The leopard listened to what the fox
had to say, and then answered,
"I will be glad to go with the king.



THE LEOPARD LISTENED TO WHAT THE FOX HAD TO SAY

I must fight at night and have sheep
to eat."

"Thank you, thank you," said the fox,
"thank you for the king."

The fox went to the wolf.

He found him in his den.

The fox said to him,

"The king is going to war to drive men
out of the fields and woods.

He wants you to help him.

He wants you to fight beside him."

The wolf listened to what the fox
had to say, and then answered,

"I will go with the king and will fight
beside him, but we must march
swiftly and fight at night, and
I must have young lambs to
eat."

"I WILL GO WITH THE KING," SAID THE WOLF

"Thank you, thank you," said the fox,
"thank you for the king."
The fox went to the wild boar and said,
"The king is going to drive men out
of the fields and woods.
He needs your help.
He wants you to march with him
and to fight beside him."
The wild boar listened to what the fox
had to say, and then answered,
"I will be glad to march with the king
and to fight beside him.
I must have acorns and roots to eat."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox,
"thank you for the king."
The fox went back to tell the lion.
"Will the tiger help us?" asked the
lion.

"I MUST HAVE ACORNS AND ROOTS TO EAT," SAID THE WILD BOAR

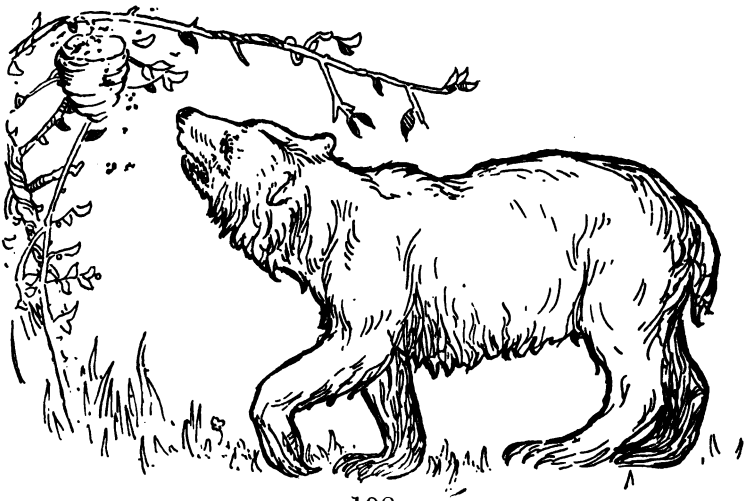
"The tiger will help us, but he must fight at night and have goats to eat."

"The tiger may fight at night and may have goats to eat.

Will the bear help us?"

"The bear will help us, but he must march slowly and have honey and berries to eat."

"The bear may march slowly and may have honey and berries to eat.



Will the leopard help us?"

"The leopard will help us, but he must fight at night and he must have sheep to eat."

"The leopard may fight at night and may have sheep to eat.

Will the wolf help us?"

"The wolf will help us, but he must march swiftly and have young lambs to eat."

"The wolf may march swiftly and may have young lambs to eat.

Will the wild boar help us?"

"The wild boar will help us, but he must have acorns and roots to eat."

"The wild boar may have acorns and roots to eat.

"Now go to the mouse, the monkey, and the cock.
Tell them the king is going to war to drive men out of the fields and woods.
Tell them the king needs their help."

"But," said the fox, "the mouse, the monkey, and the cock will be of no help to us."

"They will help us," said the king.

"The mouse will go into the little places where no one else can.

The monkey will amuse the men by his funny tricks. He will keep them from seeing what we are doing.
The cock will tell us by his crowing when morning is at hand."
The fox went to the mouse and said,
"The king is going to war.
He wants to drive men out of the fields and woods.
He wants you to help him.
He wants you to go into the little places where no one else can."
The mouse listened to what the fox had to say, and then answered,
"I will go with the king if the owl will not eat me."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox, "thank you for the king."

THE FOX WENT TO THE MONKEY

The fox went to the monkey and said,
"The king is going to war.
He is going to drive men out of the fields and woods.
He needs your help.
You are to amuse the men by your tricks, so they will not see what we are doing."
The monkey listened to what the fox had to say, and then answered,
"I will go with the king, but I must ride on the elephant's back."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox, "thank you for the king."
The fox went to the cock and said,
"The king of beasts is going to war.
He wants you to help him drive men out of the fields and woods.

You are to crow just before the sun rises."

The cock listened to what the fox had to say, and then answered,

"I will go with the king if he will not let you eat me."

"Thank you, thank you," said the fox, "thank you for the king."

The fox went back to tell the lion.

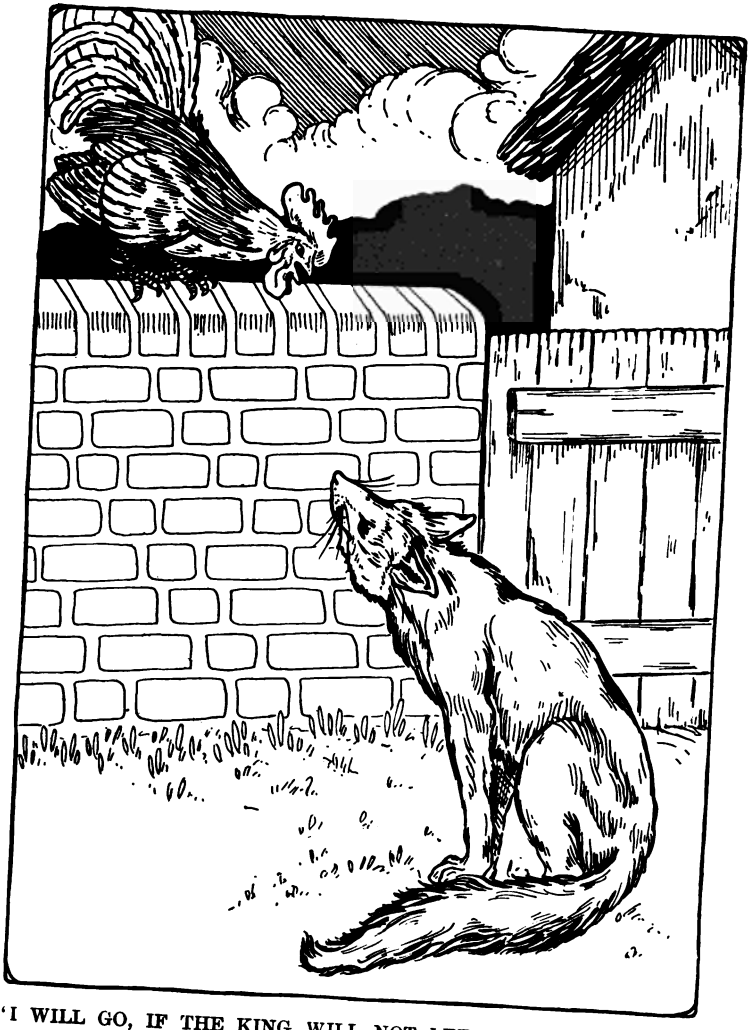
"Will the mouse help us?" asked the lion.

"Yes, if you will not let the owl eat him," said the fox.

"The owl shall not eat him.

Will the monkey help us?"

"Yes, the monkey will help us, but he must ride on the elephant's back."



"I WILL GO, IF THE KING WILL NOT LET YOU EAT ME," SAID THE COCK

"The monkey may ride on the elephant's back.
Will the cock help us?"
"Yes, if I will not eat him."
"You shall not eat him.
You have done well," said the lion.
"Now go to the donkey and the hare.
Tell them the king is going to war.
Tell them he wants to drive the men out of the fields and woods.
Tell them the king needs their help."
"But," said the fox, "the donkey and the hare can be of no help to us."
"They will help us," said the king.
'The donkey will scare the men by his braying.
The hare will be our messenger."

The fox went to the donkey and said,
"The king is going to war.
He wants you to help him drive men
out of the fields and woods.
He wants you to bray and so scare
the men."
The donkey heard what the fox had
to say, and then answered,
"I will go with the king, but he must
give me thistles to eat."
"Thank you, thank you," said the fox,
"thank you for the king."
The fox went to the hare and said,
"The king is going to war.
He is going to drive men out of
the fields and woods.
He wants you to help him.
He wants you to be his messenger."

The hare heard what the fox had to say, and then answered, "I will go with the king if he will not let you or the eagle eat me."

"Thank you, thank you," said the fox, "thank you for the king."

The fox went back to tell the lion.

"Will the donkey go with us?"
asked the lion.

"The donkey will go with us, but he must have thistles to eat."

"He shall have thistles to eat.
Will the hare go with us?"

"The hare will go with us, if you will not let the eagle or me eat him."

"You shall not eat him, and the eagle shall not eat him.
You have done well," said the lion.

"To-morrow we go to war.
Tell all the beasts to be ready to march."

The next day they all were ready to start.

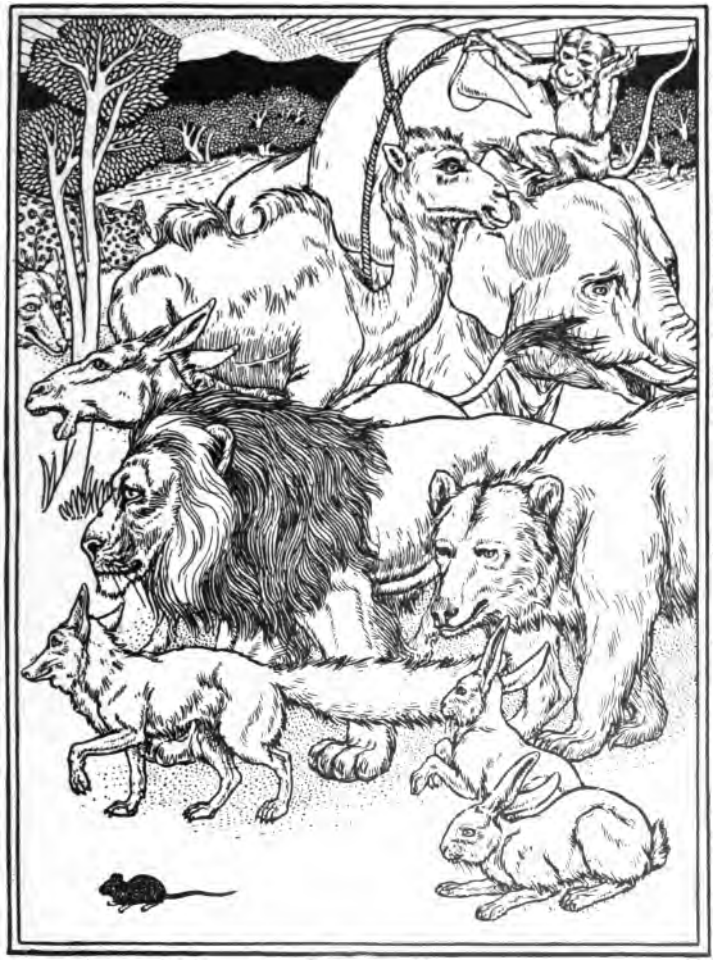
But some of them wanted to march by day, and some of them wanted to march by night.

Some of them wanted to march slowly, and some of them wanted to march swiftly.

So they went but a little way before they fell to fighting among themselves, and the lion sent them all back to their homes.

Some of them have become the friends of man.

Some of them still fight him, but they fight alone.



SOME WANTED TO MARCH SLOWLY AND SOME WANTED TO MARCH SWIFTLY

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let him go again.

Lady-bird, lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it stay,
Bad luck you'll have some day.

The world is so full
Of a number of things,
I am sure we should all
Be as happy as kings.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the
king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together
again.

THE DISCONTENTED QUEEN

Long, long ago there lived a king and a queen.

The queen was never contented with the weather.

If it were warm, she wished it were cold.

If it were cold, she wished it were warm.

If the sun were shining, she wished it were raining.

If it were raining, she wished the sun were shining.

If the wind blew, she wished it did not.

If it did not blow, she wished it did.

When night came, she wished it were day.

When day came, she wished it were night.

She was never contented with the seasons.

When it was spring, she wished it were fall.

When it was fall, she wished it were spring.

When it was summer, she wished it were winter.

When it was winter, she wished it were summer.

One very cold day in winter, when the sun had set very early, when the ground was covered with snow and ice, when the snow was still falling, and the wind was howling down the chimney, she said to the king,

"I do not want to live here any longer.

It is so cold all day and the days are so short; it is so cold all night and the nights are so long.

I am tired of the snow and the ice.

I do not like to hear the wind howl down the chimney.

Let us go away to the land where it is always summer."

The king loved the queen very much and tried to please her in every way.

So he said, "We will go away to the land where it is always summer, where the days are long and the nights are short, where it is warm all day and warm all night, where there is no snow and ice, and where the wind never howls down the chimney."

And they went away to the summer land.

"Oh, how happy I am," said the queen.

"I shall see no more snow and ice, and the wind will howl down the chimney no more."

The king was very glad, for he loved the queen.

But soon she was discontented again.

She said to the king,

"I do not like this summer land.

It is so hot all day and the days are so long.

It is so hot all night and the nights are so short.

I cannot sleep because it is so hot.

Let us go away to the land where it is always spring, where the days are warm and the nights are cool, where the trees are putting on new leaves, where the flowers are opening, and where the birds are coming back."

And the king said,

"We will go away to the land where it is always spring, where the days are warm and the nights are cool, where the trees are putting on new leaves, where the flowers are opening, and the birds are coming back.

I hope you will be happy there."

And they went away to the land of spring.

"Oh, how happy I am," said the queen.

"Now I shall not be too cold or too hot.

Now I can watch the young leaves grow.

Now I can watch the buds open.

Now I can watch for the birds coming back from the south."

The king was very glad, for he loved the queen.

But soon she was as discontented as ever.

She said to the king,

"The roads are so muddy.

The fields are so bare.

There are no grapes on the vines, and no fruit on the trees.

Let us go away to the land where it is always autumn, where the fields are golden with grain, where the leaves are yellow and red and brown, where the vines hang full of grapes, where the trees are laden with fruit, and where the wild geese are flying south."

And the king said,

"We will go away to the autumn land, where the fields are golden with grain, where the leaves are yellow and red and brown, where the vines hang full of grapes, where the trees are laden with fruit, and where the wild geese are flying south."

And they went away to the autumn land.

"Oh, how happy I am," said the queen,

"Now I can watch the reapers in the fields.

Now I can pick grapes from the vines and apples and nuts from the trees.

Now I can watch the leaves turn yellow and red and brown.
Now I can see the wild geese flying south."
The king was very glad, for he loved the queen.
But soon she was as discontented as ever.
She said to the king,
"The wind blows so hard, and it rains so much.
The leaves are all falling from the trees, and the birds do not sing.
Let us go back home, where we shall have winter and spring and summer and autumn every year.
It is winter there now.

But I can sit by the fire and forget the wind and the rain and the bare trees.

When the winter is gone, I shall be glad that spring is come.

When spring is gone, I shall be glad that summer is come.

When the summer is gone, I shall be glad that autumn is come.

When the autumn is gone, I shall be glad that winter is come again.

I shall be discontented no more."

And the king said, "We will go back to the land where there is spring, summer, autumn, and winter every year; where you can watch the flowers opening in the spring; where you can sit

under the trees in the summer; where you can gather fruits in the autumn; and where you can sit by the fire in the winter."

"Oh, how happy I am," said the queen, when she was home again.

"I shall be discontented no more."

And the king was glad, for he loved the queen.

High, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Tom, Tom was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was
young;
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

LONDON BRIDGE

London bridge is falling down,
  Falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down,
  My fair lady.

How shall we build it up again?
  Up again, up again?
How shall we build it up again,
  My fair lady?

Build it up with iron bars,
  Iron bars, iron bars,
Build it up with iron bars,
  My fair lady.

Iron bars will bend and break,
  Bend and break, bend and break,
Iron bars will bend and break,
  My fair lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
  Wood and clay, wood and clay,
Build it up with wood and clay,
  My fair lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
  Wash away, wash away,
Wood and clay will wash away,
  My fair lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
  Silver and gold, silver and gold,
Build it up with silver and gold,
  My fair lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
  Stolen away, stolen away,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
  My fair lady.

Get a man to watch all night,
  Watch all night, watch all night,
Get a man to watch all night,
  My fair lady.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,
  Fall asleep, fall asleep,
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
  My fair lady.

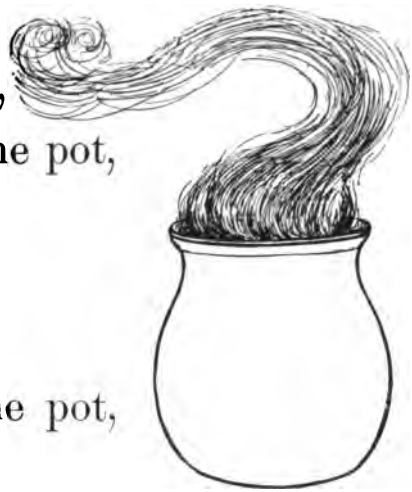
Get a dog to bark all night,
  Bark all night, bark all night,
Get a dog to bark all night,
  My fair lady.

Suppose the dog should meet a bone,
  Meet a bone, meet a bone,
Suppose the dog should meet a bone,
  My fair lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
  Stone so strong, stone so strong,
Now it will last for ages long,
  My fair lady.

London bridge is falling down,
  Falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down,
  Dance over my Lady Lee.

Peas pudding hot,
Peas pudding cold,
Peas pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.



One, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them
straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen.

HOW MARY TENDED THE DOOR

Mary was a little girl six years old. She had always lived in the country. Now she was on a visit to her aunt, who lived in the city.

"Can you tend door while I am gone?" asked her aunt one day.

"I can, auntie," said Mary. "I am a big girl now."

"A man will come to see about the meter, and a boy will bring some mushrooms from the market," said her aunt.

"Tell the man to go right up into the attic, and tell the boy to put the mushrooms in the refrigerator."

Mary's aunt had hardly gone when the doorbell rang.

Mary opened the door.

There stood a tall, fine-looking man.

"Is Mrs. Miller at home?" he asked.

"No," said Mary, "she has gone out for a little while."

"Please tell her when she returns," said the man, "that Mr. Black called to see about the meeting."

"Oh, she told me you were coming," said Mary, "and asked me to take you right up into the attic."

"You must be mistaken," said Mr. Black.

"No, no," said Mary. "Please come; I will show you the way."

"Very well," said Mr. Black.

They were soon in the attic.

Mary stood looking at the minister.

The minister looked at Mary and then laughed.

"Don't you want to see the meter?" asked Mary.

"Indeed I do not," said Mr. Black; "I am not the gas man.

"There, don't cry, little girl. Please tell your aunt that I will call again."

Mary wiped her eyes and said "Good day" as she closed the door.

Soon the bell rang again, and Mary went to the door.

"Hello, little girl," said the boy who stood there grinning.

"Here is a brush broom for Mrs. Miller."

"Yes," said Mary, "auntie told me you were going to bring some. Won't you please step in? I will show you where the refrigerator is."

"The refrigerator!" cried the boy. "You must be crazy."

Mary began to cry.

"There, little girl, don't cry," said the boy. "I'll put it anywhere you say."

The boy laid the brush broom inside the refrigerator on the shelf.

"It will keep there all right," he said.

He closed the refrigerator door and said "Good-by" to Mary.

Mary watched him as he went down the street.

In a moment the doorbell rang again.

Mary answered the bell.

"Hello, little girl, may I look at the gas meter?" said the man who had rung the bell.

"Please walk right up," said Mary, who began to understand. "Auntie told me you were to go right up when you came."

"All right," said the man.

He went up into the attic and soon returned and left the house.

He had hardly gone when the door-bell rang again.

When Mary opened the door, she found a boy outside who said he had some mushrooms for Mrs. Miller.

Mary asked him to come in and put them in the refrigerator.

After he had gone, Mary took the brush broom out and laid it on the table.

Her aunt soon returned and found Mary had done as she had been told.

She said Mary was a good girl.

When Mary told her about the minister and the boy with the brush broom, they both had a good laugh.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

Sport was a little dog.

His home was on a farm.

Near the farmhouse in which the farmer lived with his wife and children stood a large barn.

The barn was the home of the cows, the horses, and the oxen.

How glad the oxen and the horses were to get back to the barn after a day of hard work!

There they could rest and eat the fresh sweet hay in the mangers.

Sport liked the barn.

SPORT WOULD JUMP UP AND BARK AT THE HORSES

When he wanted to rest he would go to the barn, jump into one of the mangers, and lie down on the hay, and go to sleep.

Then when the horses came in from their work, Sport would jump up and bark at them.

He did not want to sleep any longer, and he did not want the hay, for dogs do not eat hay.

But he would stand and bark at the horses, so they could not get at the hay to eat it.

At last the men would come and drive him out of the manger.

Are children ever like the dog in the manger?

THE DISCONTENTED TREE

Who would ever think that a little tree that grew in a beautiful forest with other trees all around it would ever be discontented?

But some little trees are like some people, never contented with anything.

Well, this little tree was dissatisfied and discontented.

And why it was dissatisfied and discontented is the strangest part of the story.

The little tree had leaves that were always green, summer and autumn and winter and spring.

In the spring for a while, its leaves were a little greener than at other seasons, but at all times they were green.

The little tree was an evergreen.

"Oh, I wish I had pretty leaves like the other trees!" is what it was always saying.

"They have pretty leaves and I have only needles for leaves. I wish I had pretty leaves, too."

But the little evergreen, like most people when they are dissatisfied and discontented, did not want to have only what others had.

It wanted something better.

It wanted leaves of gold.

So day after day, it cried out to the spirit of the forest, "I wish I had leaves of gold instead of ugly needles."

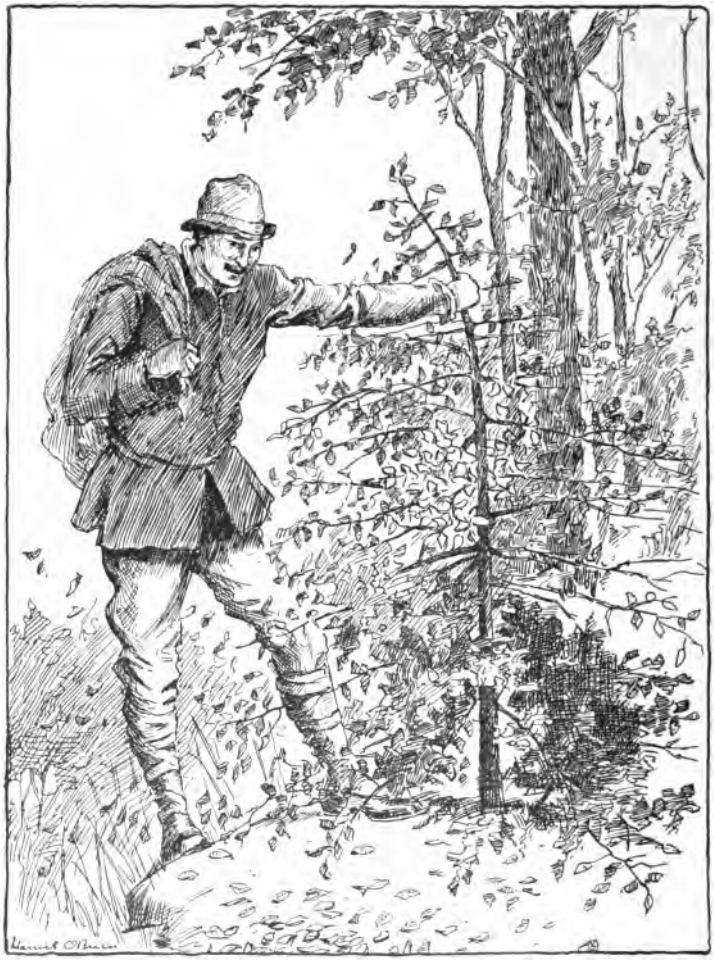
At last the spirit of the forest heard the cry of the little tree and granted its wish.

Night came, and the little tree went to sleep, and when it awakened in the morning — behold, it had leaves of gold.

How beautiful it was!

The leaves of gold shone bright in the morning light.

The little tree thought, "How happy I am! How happy I am!



HE SHOOK OFF THE LEAVES OF GOLD

No other tree in the forest is so beautiful. I like my leaves of gold better than needles."

Just then a man came into the forest.

He carried a bag.

He looked all about him.

He saw the little tree with the leaves of gold.

"Now I shall be rich," he said.

He shook off all the leaves of gold, and put them into his bag and carried them away.

Now the little tree had no leaves and no needles.

It was no longer beautiful.

Again the little tree cried out to the spirit of the forest,

"I do not want my needles again.

I want leaves, but I do not want leaves of gold. I should like leaves of glass."

And the spirit of the forest heard the cry of the little tree and granted its wish.

Night came and the little tree went to sleep and when it awakened in the morning—behold, it had leaves of glass.

The leaves of glass shone bright in the morning light.

The little tree thought,

"Oh, how beautiful my leaves are. They are not like the leaves of the other trees. They are of beautiful glass. They shine in the morning light.

They are better than needles. No other tree in the forest is so beautiful.

I like my leaves of glass better than needles, better than leaves of gold."

Then the wind came up.

All the beautiful leaves of glass fell from the little tree and were broken.

Now the little tree had no leaves and no needles.

It was not so beautiful as the other trees of the forest.

Again the little tree called out to the spirit of the forest,

"I do not want my needles again. I want leaves, but I do not want leaves of gold or leaves of glass.

I should like to be like the other trees of the forest. I should like green leaves."

And the spirit of the forest heard the cry of the little tree and granted its wish.

Again night came and again the little tree went to sleep and when it awakened in the morning—
behold, it had green leaves.

It looked just like the other trees,—
and they all were beautiful.

The little tree was now very happy.

"I like my green leaves better than needles," it thought. "I like them better than leaves of glass. The man will not carry them away. The wind will not break them."

Just then a goat came along.

He saw the green leaves and cried,

"Here are some leaves for me. I am very hungry."

The tree was so little and the leaves were so young and fresh that in a short time the goat had eaten them all.

Now the little tree was very unhappy again.

It thought all the other trees in the forest were laughing at it.

Again it cried unto the spirit of the forest, "I do not want leaves of gold. I do not want leaves of glass. I do not want green leaves like the other trees. I want my needles again."

And the spirit of the forest heard the cry of the little tree and granted its wish.

Again night came, and again the little tree went to sleep, and when it awakened in the morning — behold, it had all its needles again!

How happy the little tree was!

How beautiful it was!

The little birds flew into it and sang their sweet songs.

How bright the morning was!

The whole forest was glad.

As the little birds flew singing from tree to tree they sang,

"God knows what is good for us, better than we do."

Once on a time, there was a poor farmer who had three sons. They were named Peter, Paul, and Osborn.

They stayed at home and had a good time, but not one of them would do any work. Nothing was good enough for them.

One day Peter heard that the king wanted a keeper to watch his hares. He was to see that they did not run away from the king's grounds and get lost. He had to let them out in the morning and bring them all back at night.

So Peter wanted to go and get the job.

PETER BURST INTO A LOUD FIT OF LAUGHING

He said he was too good to work for anybody but the king.

His old father thought he might find an easier job. But Peter knew better and set off down the hill and up the road to the king's grounds.

When he had gone far, and farther than far, he came to an old woman who stood with her nose stuck fast in a log of wood. She was pulling and pulling and trying to get her nose free.

Peter burst into a loud fit of laughing. He laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Don't stand there and laugh," cried the old woman, "but come here and help a poor old cripple.

I was trying to split this log to get a little wood for my fire and I got my nose caught fast in it.

I have stood here and tugged and tugged and tried to get it free and have had nothing to eat for a hundred years."

But for all that, Peter laughed more and more. He thought it was fine fun.

"Well," he said, "if you have stood there for a hundred years, I think you can stand it for another hundred." And he went on his way.

When he got to the king's grounds, they took him to the king at once. The king gave him the job of

taking care of the hares. If he kept them safely, he was to get good food and good pay and in the end to marry the princess. But if he did not keep them safely, if he lost some of them, he was to be put in prison.

Peter let the hares out in the morning. At first it was easy to watch them. But as the day went on, they ran so swiftly from one place to another that Peter could not follow them.

At last he sat down and did not know what to do. But the night was coming fast. So Peter got up and tried to find the hares. He ran from one place to another and

called and called and called to them. But no hares came.

When he got back to the king's palace without the hares, he was thrown into prison.

After a time, Paul heard that Peter had been put in prison and that the king wanted a keeper for his hares. So Paul told his father that he was going to get the job.

His old father thought he would do no better than Peter and would be thrown into prison, but Paul knew better and set off down the hill and up the long road to the king's grounds.

When he had gone far, and much

farther than far, he came to an old woman who stood with her nose stuck fast in a log of wood. She was pulling and pulling and trying to get her nose free.

Paul burst into a loud fit of laughing.

"Come here and help a poor cripple," cried the old woman. "Are you not ashamed to stand there and laugh at me? I was trying to split this log to get some wood for the fire in my cottage and I got my nose stuck fast in it.

Here I have stood for a hundred years with nothing to eat and have tried and tried to get free. Help a poor cripple and you will be glad some day."

But Paul only laughed and went on his way to the king's grounds.

When he got there, they took him to the king at once, and the king gave him the job of keeping the hares. But he kept them no better than Peter had done, and when he got back to the palace at night without the hares, they threw him into prison.

After some time had gone by, Osborn heard that Paul had been thrown into prison and that the king wanted a keeper for his hares. So Osborn told his father that he was going to get the job.

His old father thought he would do no better than Peter and Paul had done and that he might find easier work;

but like Peter and Paul, Osborn knew better than his father. So he set off one day down the hill and up the road to the king's grounds.

When he had gone far, and very much farther than far, he came upon an old woman who stood with her nose stuck fast in a log of wood.

"Good-day, grandmother," said Osborn. "What are you standing there for, poor old cripple?"

"No one has called me mother for hundreds of years. Come and help me get my nose free and give me a bite to eat. I have had nothing to eat for a hundred years. Do these things for me, my son, and I may do something for you."

"Yes, indeed I will," cried Osborn.

And he split the log apart and set her free. Then he sat down with her, and they both ate of the food he carried with him and drank from the clear water of the brook near by.

When they were done, the old woman gave Osborn a pipe. It was a wonderful pipe. When you blew into one end of it, anything you wished was scattered to the four winds. When you blew into the other end, anything you wished was gathered together again. If the pipe was lost or stolen or taken from you, all you had to do was to wish it back, and back it came.

"It is indeed a wonderful pipe," said

Osborn. "Thank you very much for it, grandmother."

And on he went up the long road to the king's palace.

When he reached the king's grounds, they took him to the king at once. The king gave him the job of taking care of the hares.

The next morning he took the hares out into the fields. At first it was very easy to watch them, but pretty soon they began jumping and running away into the woods and over the hills.

Then Osborn thought of his wonderful pipe. He took it from his pocket and blew into one end of it, and in a moment there was not a hare

IN A MOMENT THE HARES WERE GATHERED ABOUT HIM

in sight. Then he blew into the other end, and in a moment all the hares were gathered about him.

"A wonderful pipe, indeed," cried Osborn, and he lay down in the sun and went to sleep.

At night when it was time to go back to the king's palace, he blew into the pipe and called all the hares about him and drove them home like a flock of sheep.

The king and the queen, and the princess, too, stood outside the palace and wondered to see the hares all coming safely home.

The king counted them over and over again to make sure they were all there. But not one was missing.

"HE IS A WONDERFUL BOY, THIS NEW KEEPER OF THE HARES," SAID THE QUEEN

"He is a wonderful boy, this new keeper of the hares," said the queen.

The next day Osborn took the hares out again. He let them run where they wished and he lay down on a sunny bank and went to sleep.

But the queen sent her maid to see how he kept the hares so well.

The maid found him asleep and awakened him.

"You have lost all the hares," she cried, for not one was in sight.

Then Osborn took his pipe from his pocket and blew into it, and in a moment all the hares were gathered about him.

"What a wonderful pipe!" cried the maid. "Sell it to me."

"No one can keep it but me," said Osborn. "If I sell it to you, it will come right back to me."

"No it won't," cried the maid. "If I get it, I will keep it. What will you sell it for?"

"For a hundred silver dollars," said Osborn.

The maid went back to the palace and told all to the queen, who was glad to give her a hundred dollars. The maid took the hundred dollars to Osborn and got the pipe.

She held it tightly in her hand until she was near the palace, when it slipped away from her and was gone; for Osborn had wished for it, and it had to go to him.

That night Osborn brought in the hares, and not one was missing. The king counted them over and over again. But not one was missing.

The next day the princess went to the field to get the pipe from Osborn. She told him she would give him two hundred dollars for it.

"All right," said Osborn, "but no one can keep it but me. You will lose it before you get back."

"No I won't," cried the princess. "If I get it, I will keep it. Here is your two hundred dollars."

And Osborn gave her the pipe.

She put it in her hand bag and tied up the bag tightly. When she got back to the palace, the pipe was

gone; for Osborn had wished for it, and it had to go back to him.

The next day the queen went herself to get the pipe from Osborn. She gave Osborn five hundred dollars for it.

He told her she could not keep it and that nobody could keep it but himself. But she was sure she would not lose it, and so he let her have it.

She tied it tightly to her belt and went back to the palace; but when she got there, the pipe was gone.

The next day the king went himself. Osborn did not want to sell the pipe to the king and told him he could not keep it. But the king gave him a thousand dollars for it and

went back to the palace with it.

When he reached the palace, the pipe was gone.

So the king and the queen and the princess called Osborn to the palace and asked him to stay with them always, for this was the only way they could be sure to keep the pipe.

And Osborn married the princess and many years afterward became king.

Long, long ago there was a town so full of rats that people could hardly live in it.

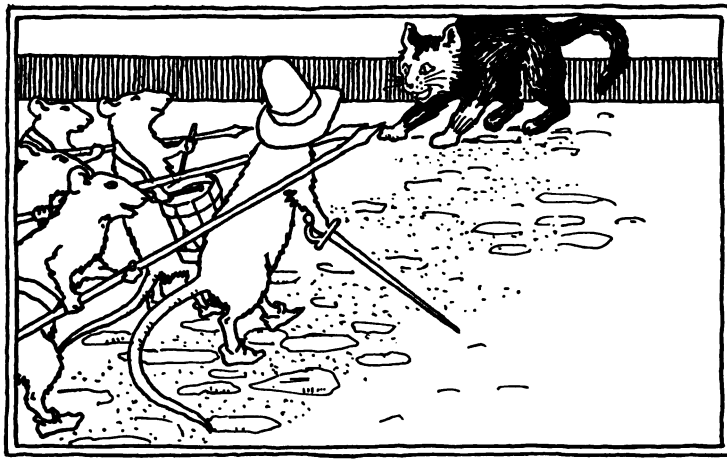
The town was called Hamelin.

There was a deep, wide river on one side of Hamelin and a high mountain on the other side.

There were rats everywhere in Hamelin, in the houses, in the streets, in the stores, and in the churches.

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles.



The people did not know what to do about it.

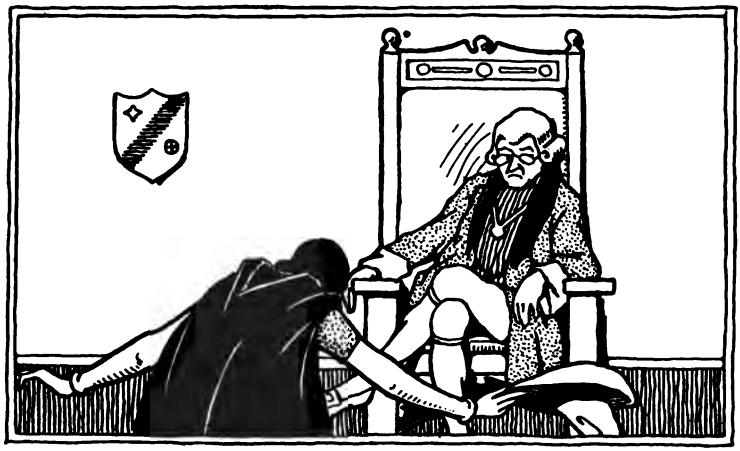
So they called a meeting in the town hall. But no one knew what to do.

The mayor scratched his head and tried to think of a plan, but all in vain.

At last he said,

"I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us!" cried the mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!
Come in!" the mayor cried, looking bigger,
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin.
He told the mayor that for a thousand pieces of gold, he would free the city from rats.
He said,
"I'm able,



By means of a secret charm to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm,—
On creatures that do people harm."

"Good, good," cried the mayor. "We will gladly give you a thousand pieces of gold, if you will take away the rats."

And here they noticed around his neck

OUT OF THE HOUSES THE RATS CAME TUMBLING

A scarf of red and yellow stripe
To match his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe.
"If I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand pieces of gold?" asked the Piper.
"We will, we will," cried the people, and they all went out of the hall together.
Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
And ere he had blown three notes, the people heard a grumbling,

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the Piper for their lives.
And when the Piper led them all into the river and they were drowned,
You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.

Then the Piper came back to the town
and asked for his thousand pieces
of gold.
"A thousand pieces of gold!" cried the
mayor,
"What we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in
joke.
Come, take fifty!"
The Piper was angry and told them that
if they did not treat him fairly he
might use his pipe in a way they
would not like.
But the mayor only laughed at him and
said,
"Do your worst;
Blow your pipe until you burst!"
So the Piper turned away.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes,
Out came the children running.
And all the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

They followed the Piper out of the town and up the side of the high mountain.

Then a great door opened in the mountain-side, and the Piper went in and the children followed.

THEY FOLLOWED THE PIPER OUT OF THE TOWN

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was wont to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me:
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I came assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

The mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,

Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But Piper and dancers were gone forever,
and the fathers and mothers could
do nothing to bring them back.
So they wrote the story on a stone and
painted it on the great church
window —
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

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